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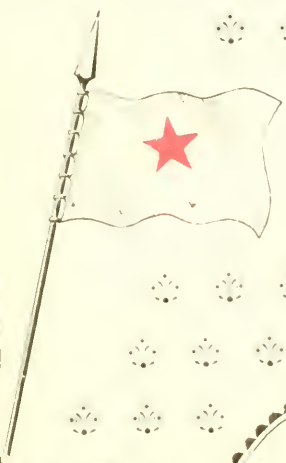
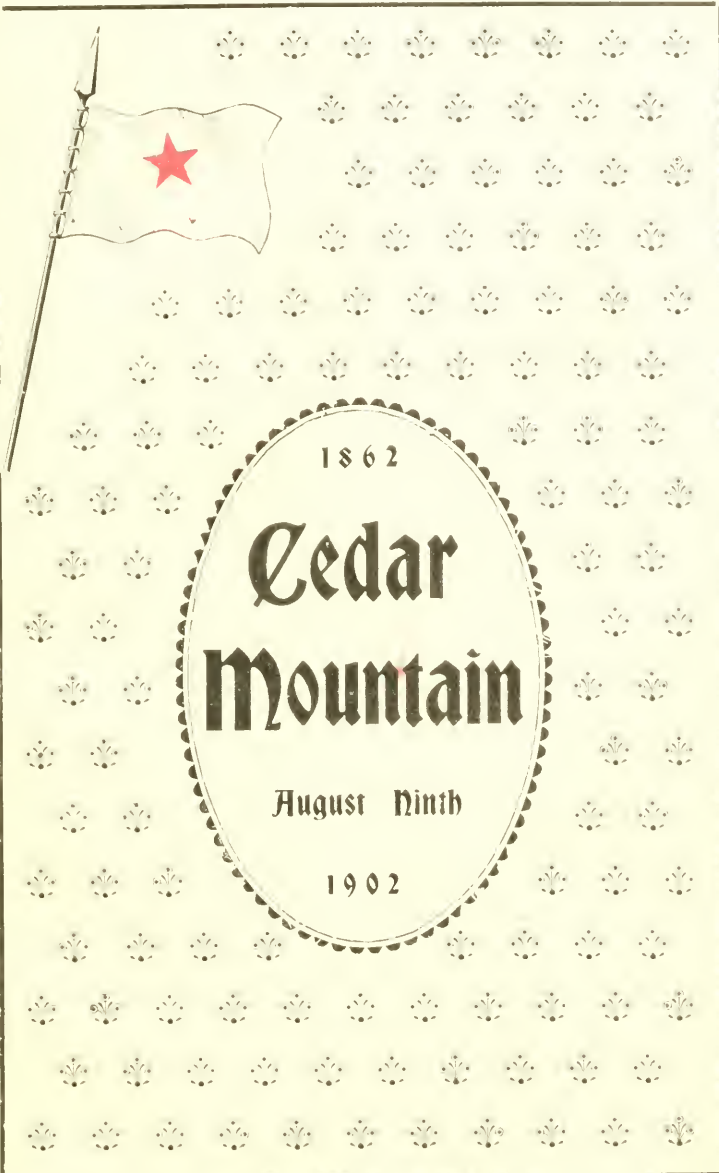
New York infantry. 28th regt 1861-63

Dedication of the monument
to the 28th. New York volunteers
Culpeper, Va. August 8, 1902





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**Cedar
Mountain**

August Ninth

1902

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DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT

.... TO THE

28th NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS

CULPEPER, VA., AUGUST 8, 1902.*

The survivors of the 28th New York Volunteers and their guests will never forget the cordial reception tendered them by the citizens of Culpeper on the occasion of the dedication of the monument in the National Cemetery on the 8th of August and the great picnic on the battlefield of Cedar Mountain on the following day. True Virginia hospitality was never more generously displayed. The city (although Culpeper has only twenty-five hundred population, it has risen to the dignity of a city) was handsomely decorated. Union and ex-Confederates mingled freely and mited with equal fervor in the celebration. A list of the members and visitors present will be found in the appendix. The Reception Committee, composed of Major H. C. Burrows, chairman, and Messrs. P. S. Jameson and G. B. Miller, welcomed the party on their arrival, and directed them to their several places of sojourn, some being entertained most hospitably in the homes of the leading families of the city. The A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans was conspicuous in its attentions, and there were everywhere the most genial and unstudied courtesy and kindness.

The ceremonies at the Cemetery at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, in presence of a company estimated at two thousand, are here fully reported.

In the evening a Campfire was held in Rixey's Opera House, at which Judge (Colonel) Daniel A. Grimsley, chairman of the General Committee of Arrangements, presided very happily. An eloquent welcome was extended by Mayor Alden A. Bell,

*Prepared at the request of Colonel Edwin F. Brown by General Horatio C. King.

and appropriate addresses were made by Generals King, Curtis and others.

On the following day the whole country turned out to the picnic held in the grove overlooking the battlefield and on the spot traversed by the Union troops on their retreat from the disastrous field. The number estimated was five thousand. Staley's fine band from Washington city discoursed sweet and patriotic music. The woods were crowded with more transportation than was carried by the attacking division in 1862, and the supply of rations, the volunteer contribution of the ladies of Culpeper and vicinity, was seemingly inexhaustible. The old veteran drew a very happy contrast between the hot reception and scant rations of August 9, 1862, and the cordial welcome and toothsome dainties of its fortieth anniversary. Mrs. Isaac L. Johnson, who supervised the distribution, was constantly active and efficacious.

In the afternoon Judge Grimsley called the picnickers to order, and then followed about two hours of oratory and music; Judge Grimsley, General Curtis, Colonel Brown, Colonel C. M. Blackford, who was attached to "Stonewall" Jackson's staff in this battle; Captain W. P. Pendleton, Adjutant-General of Taliaferro's brigade; Colonel J. W. Williams, 5th Virginia Infantry; Major Smiley, of the 5th Virginia; Colonel William P. Lloyd, Adjutant-General of General Taylor's brigade, and General J. T. Taylor, who was Captain in a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment and was also engaged in this fight. Mrs. Stilson's splendid voice again thrilled the multitude. She was repeatedly recalled, and when she sang "Dixie" the woods echoed and re-echoed with wild applause. "The Star-spangled Banner" was received with equal fervor but greater reverence, the auditors standing during the rendition.

At the close of the meeting this resolution, prepared by Secretary C. W. Boyce, and offered by him, was cordially adopted.

Resolved, That the hearty thanks of every comrade of the 28th New York Regiment, and of every Northern citizen visiting the city of Culpeper at this time, be, and the same hereby is extended to Judge D. A. Grimsley and his citizen and Confederate associates, who have so ably arranged all the details for

our pleasure and comfort at this reunion; and to the ladies of Culpeper, who have so kindly opened their houses for our entertainment; also to the ladies and others who have provided the very generous lunch on the battlefield; and to all who have in so many ways aided in making our stay among you so very delightful.

We are deeply moved by the fraternal spirit that prompted you to decorate the stores and many of your homes, an unexpected evidence of our welcome to your beautiful city, and the hospitality of your lovely homes will ever remain with us a most pleasant memory. The hearty welcome we have received has made a deep impression upon us. We shall take our departure from your city with regret, feeling assured that our visit has been more than simply a day's pleasure. To us at least has come "the new dispensation of Peace," which is binding the North and the South together in one common brotherhood.

Our dead comrades, lying so peacefully in your beautiful cemetery, are ties that will bind our hearts to Virginia. Your kind hospitality—for which Virginians have always been so justly famed—assures us that the same feeling of kindness and brotherhood, which you have shown to us, will prompt you to remember the graves of our comrades, when, on each Memorial Day, you cover with flowers those of your own heroic dead.

And when you give your

"Love and tears for the Gray,"

You will also have—

"Kind thoughts and flowers for the Blue."

In the early evening hosts and guests separated, and the never-to-be-forgotten celebration was over.

At the business meeting held on the 8th, it was decided to hold the next reunion at Oleott Beach, Niagara County, N. Y., May 22d, and the following officers were elected: President, George Irish, of Buffalo; Vice-President, N. E. G. Wadhams, of Niagara Falls. Mr. C. W. Boyce is Secretary and Treasurer for life.

The monument was erected by the efforts and contributions of



COLONEL EDWIN F. BROWN.

the members and their friends, aided by an appropriation from the State of New York. It is an obelisk of light granite, twenty-five feet in height. It was designed by Hales & Ballinger, of Philadelphia, and the contractors were McDonnell & Sons, of Buffalo. It bears the following inscription:

28th REGIMENT.

NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

1st Brigade, 1st Division, 12th Corps, Army of the Potomac.

Organized at Albany, N. Y., May 18, 1861, in response to the first call for volunteers. Mustered into the service for two years May 22, 1861. Ordered at once to the field, serving in the Shenandoah Valley and Army of the Potomac, under Generals Patterson, Banks, Pope, McClellan, Burnside and Hooker.

Total enrolled, 1,010. Total casualties, 438.

Mustered out at Lockport, N. Y., June 2, 1863—522.

At the battle of Cedar Mountain, Va., August 9, 1862, the regiment numbered, officers and men engaged, 357. The casualties were: Killed and mortally wounded, 57; wounded, 61; prisoners, 92; total loss, 210. Every officer was killed, wounded or taken prisoner.

Other engagements and skirmishes: Martinsburg, W. Va.; Point of Rocks, Va.; Ball's Bluff, Va.; Winchester, Va.; Columbia Furnace, Va.; Banks' Retreat, Virginia; Shenandoah Valley, Va.; Manassas, Va.; Antietam, Md.; Chancellorsville, Va.

The enterprise was under the general direction and management of a committee composed of Colonel E. F. Brown, President; S. S. Marvin, Vice-President; F. B. Seeley, 2d Vice-President; C. W. Boyce, Secretary and Treasurer; George Irish, L. D. Sale and J. W. Little.

Concededly the most prominent feature of this memorable occasion was the presence of Colonel Edwin F. Brown, the venerable and venerated commander of the 28th, who, after recovering from his own desperate wound, led the regiment until its muster out. He received constant and marked attention. At the ripe age of eighty he still performs active duty as Inspector-General of the National Soldiers' Homes.

A most interesting incident was the meeting of Colonel Brown and Mrs. John Randolph, whose mother, Mrs. Payne, now deceased, was instrumental in saving the Colonel's life. He was carried wounded to the latter's residence in Culpeper, which was taken as a hospital. The Confederates soon occupied the town, and the severely wounded fell into their hands as prisoners of war. Soon after, the Confederates decided to use the house as a hospital and to remove the Union wounded. Colonel Brown was then almost in a dying condition. Mrs. Payne interceded, and begged that he and the other Union prisoners might be permitted to remain in the house and under her care. Her petition was granted and Colonel Brown's life was saved. As soon as his strength permitted, the Colonel and other convalescents reported to and were lodged in less hospitable quarters in the Hotel Libby in the Capital city.

Another pleasing incident must not be overlooked, namely, that the orator of the day, Judge O. B. Brown, of Dayton, Ohio, is the Colonel's son, and bears the name most worthily.

H. C. K.

EXERCISES IN THE CEMETERY.

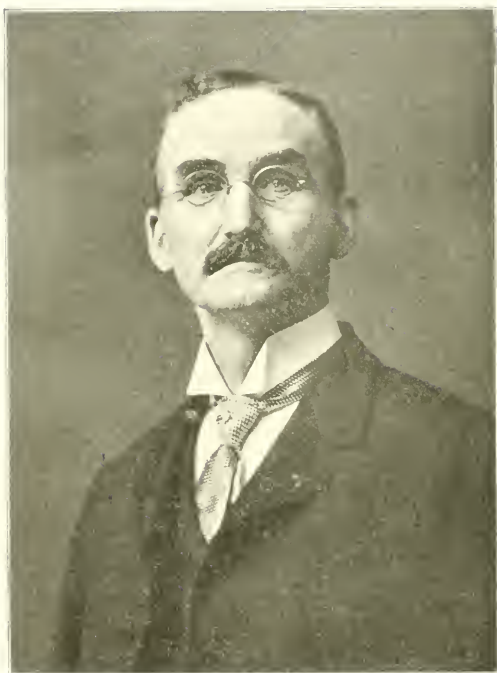
The scene in the National Cemetery was most beautiful and impressive. In the flag-draped stand near the Monument were gathered the local committee and the visiting comrades and guests. Colonel Brown, President of the Association, presided, and introduced the Rev. W. T. Williams, of Culpeper, who made a most feeling prayer, filled with patriotic sentiment and brotherly love. Colonel Brown then extended a welcome in the following words:

ADDRESS OF COLONEL E. F. BROWN.

Respected Friends of Virginia and New York: We are met to-day to commemorate events of history. Forty years have passed since the great battle of Cedar Mountain. To-morrow, August 9th, will be the fortieth anniversary. The surviving members of the 28th New York Volunteers who have gathered around this monument have come from the North, South, East and West for a specific purpose. We thank God to-day that so

many of us are spared from that fearful war and are able to attend this fortieth reunion of the regiment. Some of our members have traveled hundreds of miles to visit this sacred burial place of their dead comrades and to visit once more the battlefield which they remember so well. It seems to be my duty as shown by the programme to extend a welcome to somebody here to-day, and first of all, these comrades are entitled to special consideration. They are, therefore, most cordially welcomed, and I trust that these exercises and those that follow for the two days designated in the programme may be long treasured by them as pleasant memories.

The State of New York is a great and glorious State. Through the efforts of some of the liberal-minded and patriotic members of her Legislature, an appropriation was made last winter for a monument to be erected in the National Cemetery at Culpeper, Virginia, to commemorate the valor and services of the 28th Regiment. To this appropriation the surviving members of the regiment have generously contributed a sufficient sum to enable us to erect a granite shaft which is creditable and which, though rough in exterior, is substantial in every respect. It stands upon a base of concrete so solid that only an earthquake can disturb it. This monument as you see we have completed and placed in the National Cemetery in the city of Culpeper in the State of Virginia, according to the wishes of the people of the State of New York in response to the request of the members of the 28th Regiment. We are here to-day to dedicate it to the purpose for which it was intended, and shall soon transfer it to the supervision of the properly constituted authorities of the United States, to be cared for, we trust, until it moulders into dust. Around me I am pleased to see are some of the survivors of the 5th Virginia Regiment. We welcome you most cordially, and thank you for the interest you have taken in us as a regiment since the day we first met on the battlefield of Cedar Mountain. You then took our flag into your care and keeping, and the history of its return to us twenty years later is familiar to all and need not be repeated here. It is a fact worthy of note that these two regiments were pioneers in the establishing of reunions of the Blue and the Gray. On May



C. W. BOYCE.

22d, 1883, the 5th Virginia and the 28th New York met at Niagara and exchanged courtesies that made us fast friends, and that friendship still exists. The 5th are part and parcel of the 28th, and all are honorary members by a unanimous vote. We welcome you to this reunion and thank you for the interest manifested. To-day Virginia and New York stand side by side in all that pertains to the good of our common country. I therefore welcome not only all citizens of both these States, but I will include the entire assembly from whatever locality they come.

The President then introduced his son, Judge Brown, the orator of the day.



HON. OREN B. BROWN.

Oration

HON. OREN B. BROWN

Mr. Chairman, Veterans, Friends: We meet to-day in this beautiful reservation of the nation, preserved and cared for as the last resting place of those brave men who, two score years ago, so willingly laid down their lives that the nation might live; we come for a purpose that has all the tenderness and dignity of funeral rites, without their sadness.

We are here to dedicate this beautiful monument, expressive of the gratitude, affection and appreciation of the citizens of the Great Empire State, by unanimous vote of its representatives in the General Assembly, to the memory of the volunteers of the 28th New York, as an enduring mark to the bravery and loyalty of its officers and men, both living and dead.

We are in the midst of the scenes where that dreadful conflict between brothers occurred. The conscientiousness of the men who participated in that war is not now questioned. To-day all agree that the result was the best that could have occurred, and that this terrific arbitrament of arms was determined in favor of the right. The men who took part in the civil war, ever since the surrender at Appomattox, have accepted the decrees of that day as an expression of the final settlement of the principles and issues involved; and the seal of Divine Providence as set upon that day, has never been attempted to be broken. There may have been some on either side of the Mason and Dixon line who did not believe this, but they were not the soldiers—not the men who had borne the brunt of the fight.

Since the late war with Spain many have proclaimed that that conflict served to reunite the nation; that the bitter feelings

aroused by the civil war had given place to the fraternal love engendered by the companionship in our nation's common cause. This may have strengthened the ties of friendship between the two sections, and may have made still firmer the foundations of our nation as they existed at the termination of the civil war in 1865, but in so far as the soldiers of either side were concerned, this had been accomplished at Appomattox.

Many years ago your noble colonel—who, thank God, is with us to-day—having discovered in the archives at Washington the old battle flag of this regiment, lost to the 5th Virginia at Cedar Mountain, after the entire color guard had been stricken down, arranged for a reunion of these two regiments at Niagara Falls, near the homes of the 28th New York veterans, where these old colors which had been lost, but not dishonored, at Cedar Mountain were gallantly and patriotically returned to the custody of the survivors of the 28th, as the joint flag of all, as token of their cordiality and as emblematic of the nation in its unity. This was followed by another reunion at the homes of the 5th Virginia Regiment in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, amid the old war scenes, and the ties of friendship between the two regiments and their friends, which will outlive the members of those organizations, were increased and strengthened. This is typical of the sentiment and feelings which existed between the soldiers of the civil war at its close. The good feeling exhibited and the willingness to fight under Old Glory side by side by the men of the North and the South in the Spanish-American war, was but a demonstration of this good feeling already existing between the North and the South. Here to-day is another demonstration. Here we all meet in friendship and loyalty to our nation. Here the generous hospitality of our Southern hosts is extended to us, and all of us as loyal citizens of one great nation, united, under one beloved banner, in this sacred presence to pay tribute to one of the gallant regiments which so nobly acquitted itself on the Union side in the great civil war.

Words are inadequate and unavailing to portray the self-sacrifice and bravery of this noble regiment. Its gallantry and daring, its gentleness and thoughtfulness, its endurance and mod-

esty have inspired orators, poets and authors. You signified your willingness to leave your peaceable callings, if need be, long before your services were requested. Many of your number enlisted even before Sumter was assailed. You endured the hardships and privations of the camp and the march, the chill of winter and the heat of summer, in a true soldier spirit. You were always ready for any service. The march was never too long, the road never too rough, the duty never too hazardous.

Your record as a regiment is unsullied. Your flag bears the names of well-fought battles. Of all the battles of the war, Cedar Mountain, fought forty years ago to-morrow, stands forth as a bloody struggle, a desperate battle, where your comrades fell and where you did all that mortals could do.

Forty years ago to-day, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, your regiment with others comprising the First Brigade of the First Division, Twelfth Corps, left Culpeper, taking a southwesterly course; then bivouacking for the night near Cedar Mountain, which stood southwesterly from your front. The following morning, in the intense August heat, you lay in the edge of a woods, waiting for the opening of the battle. About 11 o'clock the battery of the enemy, from the slope of the mountain near its base, opened fire upon the cavalry in your front. This firing was kept up until about 2 o'clock. About 3 o'clock your regiment, with the 46th Pennsylvania and 5th Connecticut, advanced into the woods in your front. The enemy then opened up with all its artillery. You moved through the woods toward the left flank of the enemy. The woods in which you were stationed skirted an open wheat stubble field on three sides. On the right was a north and south road—across the road a corn field. In front of your line the field sloped downward toward the woods, which terminated at the road, beyond which, concealed by the woods, was the battery of the enemy. The opposite woods were about 300 yards distant.

This was the scene of the situation of your regiment at 5 o'clock on that terrible day. Here was the decisive movement of that bloody conflict, and there and then was the test that tried the souls of the men of the 28th.

"Fix bayonets!" is the order heard by you. You advance to

the edge of the woods. "Charge!" is shouted by your commander. Steadily your line advanced across the fence which skirted the woods, and with loud cheers you charge over that wheat field upon the enemy's position, in the face of a fatal and murderous fire from the masses of the enemy's infantry who were concealed in the bushes and woods in your front. Your comrades are falling, yet there is no hesitation in the movement of the line. You engage in a hand-to-hand fight with vastly superior numbers of the enemy. You reach the battery, but the reserves of the enemy are thrown upon your broken ranks, and you are compelled to retire across the field over which you had charged. What fearful slaughter there had been! What noble lives had gone out! Colonel Donnelly, mortally wounded; Colonel Brown, with his arm shattered; Major Cook, wounded and a prisoner; Adjutant Sprout killed, and every line officer had fallen by the side of his men. All the field, staff and line officers, together with most of the men of the line, had met with casualties and the color guard shot down in detail as they attempted to carry the colors of the regiment. A combat more persistent or heroic can scarcely be found in the history of the war, but men of even your unequalled heroism could not withstand the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, especially when left without the encouragement and direction of your officers.

The 28th went into that battle with 18 officers and 339 men, a total of 357. The casualties were 213, being a loss of 60 per cent., leaving but 144 men, in charge of a non-commissioned officer, following that fatal day.

These facts are from the historical records. There are many incidents of that day, many acts of personal heroism, many acts of self-sacrifice and bravery which I have learned from those who took part in that battle, and particularly from my father—your brave commander, who deserves the love and respect which you have always given him for his courageous action and care of you in battle and in camp, and for his most efficient services to the government in the care of its disabled veterans since the war. And, in turn, you, as members of his regiment, are worthy of the respect and love that he has for you as brave and devoted soldiers of the Union.



MRS. ANNIE L. STILSON.

The bonds of love, friendship and sympathy, forged in that time of trial, have grown and become stronger between you, comrades, as the years have passed, and no matter where you are, the mention of the 28th New York causes a thrill of just pride, and memory at once recalls the comrades who shared with you the victories and defeats of battle.

I come here to-day, proud of my father who served with you—proud that you care to hear from me—proud that I am the son of him who so gallantly led you on many fields of battle, and, besides my love and respect for him as a father, my heart is filled with admiration for him as a man, and I know you all join with me in the pride I have in his record as a soldier, as a citizen, and as your commander.

The men of the 28th New York showed their character not only in battle, but those comparatively few who survived the hardships of the conflict and prison life, quietly returned and vigorously resumed the peaceable vocations they had so willingly and patriotically abandoned before enlistment—thus completing the true American character.

The brave men who participated on either side in that awful conflict have been the safe advisers of the nation ever since. When the honor of our country was assailed by a foreign power, their counsels were for peace with honor, but when war was inevitable, it was prosecuted with the old time vim and vigor by the nation as a unit. The example of our beloved McKinley is typical of that characteristic of the volunteer soldier—a gentle, noble, tender man; an affectionate, thoughtful husband; a safe counselor; a true comrade; an illustrious statesman and wise President; a most worthy and efficient commander-in-chief.

You have all carefully guarded and preserved this peace you fought so hard to win. The prime of your lives was freely given to the service of your country. Most of you bear the marks of that awful conflict, but you have secured such a civil peace that the supremacy of the government at Washington will never again be questioned or assailed. But the toils and hardships of that service are long since past. Its memories alone remain. The recalling and preservation of those memories as an ever-

lasting incentive for good citizenship is the object of this gathering.

Enduring monuments of stone and metal have been erected and dedicated to the memory of those who have performed acts of bravery throughout all time. Paintings and sculpture have portrayed the sufferings and horrors of war. Deeds of bravery have always found expression in art, in poetry and in prose. The great arches and monuments of Greece and Rome tell of the conquest for empire, and of the bravery of the Roman and Grecian soldier.

Thorwaldsen's Lion of Luzerne most artistically typifies the bravery of the 300 Swiss guards who, every one, yielded his life for duty's sake, in guarding his employer—the King of France. This stands for bravery—not for both bravery and patriotism.

Many beautiful paintings in the art galleries of the world portray the daring and suffering of the soldier. Poets' songs ring with his praises. But this monument, beautiful in its simplicity, stands not only for the bravery of the men of the 28th New York, but also for their voluntary self-sacrifice and patriotism in the cause they loved.

But, veterans of the civil war, you need no monument such as this to proclaim your deeds of heroism and patriotism. Those only deserve a memorial who do not need one. Those who have created for themselves memorials dedicated in the hearts and minds of men, need no monuments of stone. If you had done nothing, this shaft of stone would signify nothing—nothing could preserve your memory. Such memorials are only valuable for the events which they perpetuate. Do men ask for your monuments? Bid them look around. A united and prosperous nation secured for all ages—a happy and thrifty people—the entire population free—a good, clean government, at peace with the world, and myriads of honest, upright young men clamoring for an opportunity to defend it, if threatened.

These are the monuments which have enshrined you in the hearts of your countrymen. They are more enduring than stone or metal—more sublime and inspiring than this shaft will ever be. Such monuments are the visible public messages of one generation to its successors: reminders of historical facts of espe-

cial note; appeals for the safe-guarding of the principles involved in the acts of the heroes commemorated; exhortations to higher resolve.

Now, as your immortal commander-in-chief, the martyred Lincoln, said on that memorable occasion, similar to this, at Gettysburg, in 1863, let us again in this presence "highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain," and "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

By this memory of your noble example, we, your children, shall ever strengthen ourselves in the performance of our duty as a part of this great nation—small though that part be—in endeavoring to maintain rightly that which Washington and our forefathers established, and that which Lincoln, and you—our fathers—saved.

The address was received with marked attention and elicited frequent applause. At its close the President presented General King, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the Poet of the Day.



HORATIO C. KING.

[To C. W. Boyce, 28th N. Y. V.]

Cedar Mountain

BY

HORATIO E. KING

Come here, my boy; sit down upon my knee;
 How old are you? You say you're twelve and three?
 Why bless my heart, how fast the time does fly!
 It seems less years than that since crippled I,
 A gawky, stripling lad, no taller than you be,
 Shouldered my trusty gun and fought for liberty.
 Just see me now with my old wrinkled head,
 Near bald as that round ragged ball of lead
 The surgeon dug from this poor limping leg
 (Though stiffened, better than a wooden peg)
 In old Virginia, on that August day
 When Stonewall Jackson brought our boys to bay
 At Cedar Run. Ah me! who could forget
 That bloody fight! Its memories haunt me yet.

I guess you've heard. No? Well, I declare!
 And you're fifteen? Say, tell me when and where
 You've been to school, and who, my boy, 's your teacher?
 I can't believe there lives a single creature
 Who hasn't heard of Slaughter's famous Mountain:
 Perhaps he doesn't drink straight from the fountain
 Of real history—not the predihuvian kind
 Of Rome and Greece; why, boy, he must be blind

To skip what's done and doing here at home
 And waste his time on ancient Greece and Rome.
 I've seen of more than forty years the flight
 Since first through Shenandoah's valley bright
 We marched in old Virginia, noble State,
 But then embittered with unreasoning hate,
 And just because we loved our brethren so
 We wouldn't let them from the Union go,
 And so put on our uniforms of blue
 And tramped that sacred soil just through and through.
 'Twas mighty rough, but then you ought to know
 That war is hell; Pap Sherman told us so.

And yet I hear some foolish people say
 That war's not war; and that the proper way
 To fight those devils in the Philippines
 Is just to feed them Bibles, junk and greens,
 To send them flags of truce and tracts galore,
 And while they fight to send them more and more—
 And if those fiends go in for nameless slaughter,
 To shoot them down with squirts and violet water.
 What ballyrot! If I could only see
 Those valiant jays in Congress and without
 I'd give them facts to jog their thoughts about,
 And you can bet I'm not afraid to speak and tell
 The President to give those fellows hell.
 Excuse my swearing, but you see when I
 Just hear our boys abused, I'd rather die
 Than shut my mouth. Why, bless your heart,
 My boy is there and doing well his part
 In fighting nobly for our glorious flag;
 He'll do his duty while his tongue can wag;
 And when I hear men call him what he's not,
 I don't deny it makes me piping hot!

When I was just a little older than you be
 I joined the Twenty-eighth in Lockport; see!
 As fine a lot of boys as ever fired a gun,
 And quite as fond of fighting as of fun.

The ladies, bless their hearts! of Lockport town
 Lent willing hands and did us royal brown,
 Presenting us with colors just as fine
 As ever fanned the air. No golden mine
 Could buy that flag when we left home and all,
 And marched away to heed our country's call.
 We had our ups and downs like other boys,
 And many troubles, though a share of joys;
 Thro' dust and mud, in rain and sleet and snow,
 We went, no kicking, where we had to go;
 Until in August, eighteen sixty-two,
 We pitched our camp, a lovely sight to view,
 Among Culpeper's green and shady hills,
 And filled our canteens from its sparkling rills.
 The tents all shone like silver in the sun;
 The stacks of muskets and each frowning gun
 Stood ready, for a mile or two away
 Was Stonewall Jackson, waiting for the fray.

Our flag, ah me! it never looked so bright
 As on that summer morning in the growing light
 When we fell in, and felt it in our bones
 That bloody work was coming, and the stones
 On Cedar Mountain would be wet with gore
 And hundreds sleep the sleep of nevermore.
 We asked no questions, all we soldiers knew
 Was Banks was there to tell us what to do,
 And wherefore wasn't ours to think or ask,
 But just to buckle to the awful task
 Of fighting thrice our number (that's no lie);
 'Twas ours, in face of all, to do and die.

'Twas almost noon. We heard our Colonel shout,
 "Charge, old Twenty-eighth! drive the Johnnies out!"
 A ringing cheer rang all along the line,
 And with a rush that stiffened every spine
 We sent the Johnnies flying like the wind
 And left their dead and wounded far behind.

Our gallant Colonel, Dudley Donnelly, fell,
 And bleeding died there in that mouth of hell;
 And Lewis, too, who bore our flag that day,
 Fell on the field, and while he wounded lay,
 Brave hands to rescue, held the banner high
 Till every one was stricken down to die;
 Our Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, God bless him! he
 There lost his arm—a-fighting for the free,
 He's here; but Sprout, our Adjutant, was shot,
 And breathed his last upon that fearful spot.

The rank and file went in three hundred strong,
 And more—I guess you've heard that famous song
 Of Balaklava, and old England's braves
 Whom blundering orders sent to heroes' graves?
 Well, Balaklava was like children's play,
 And wasn't in it with the desperate way
 The Twenty-eighth went down like soldier toys,
 And lost two hundred of its noble boys.
 The fight was worse than useless. Who's to blame?
 Don't ask. No good! We won a glorious name,
 But not the field; we lost, and worst of all
 Our cherished flag; the Johnnies had the call.

Like sheep they packed us in the cattle cars,
 Till Libby found us penned behind its bars,
 With one small piece of our shot-riddled flag,
 A precious, frayed-out little bit of rag,
 But full of cheer day after weary day,
 While pain and hunger wore our lives away,
 But wars, like all things else, must have an end,
 Though still for three years more 'twas fight and spend,
 And blood and money flowed in streams away,
 Until upon that fateful April day,
 At Appomattox, Southern flags were furled,
 And peace, our peace, was hailed throughout the world.
 We boys had had enough of fights and gore,
 And glad were we to see our homes once more.

We saved the Union; not a silver star
 Was blotted from the flag; no single scar
 Defaced the stripes of lovely red and white;
 But Stars and Stripes reflected freedom's light.
 Our angry foe became our loyal friend,
 Till in another war we both contend
 To see who'll fight the hardest for the land
 Whose life was threatened once by brothers' hand.

Well, twenty years went by, and not a sign
 Of our old flag except that six by nine,
 That little strip preserved by Colonel Brown
 When we were captives in old Richmond town,
 Till eighty-two, perhaps 'twas eighty-one,
 He spent a happy day in Washington,
 When searching in the pile, with eager air,
 Of captured flags, he found it lying there.
 He dragged it from its dusty hiding place,
 Our flag once lost, but lost not in disgrace.
 He matched the missing fragment to a tee,
 And you may well believe when told to me
 I cried for joy, I threw my cap on high,
 And cheered until I thought I'd surely die!
 But that's not all; we'll not forget the day
 When those brave men who took that flag away—
 The Fifth Virginia—traveled North to give
 It back; I'll not forget it while I live.

We have it yet; and when my time shall come
 To shuffle off this coil and go up home,
 I hope my comrades who may linger here
 Will lay that tattered flag upon my bier;
 And when the preacher's had his final say,
 I want some comrade who was there that day
 At Cedar Mountain just to read this song
 I've writ below; and let him read it strong!
 Then bugle sound "Lights out"; perhaps I may
 Just hear; for heaven can't be far away.

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

All hail our starry banner,
The emblem of the free,
Whose Stars and Stripes forever
Shall stand for liberty.
The world beholds thy glory,
Bright banner of the stars,
And nations held in bondage
Shall break their prison bars.

In thee the blue of heaven
Proclaims thy purity,
And peoples plunged in sorrow
Shall fondly turn to thee.
To lead the world in honor,
The weak to cheer and save,
These are thy tasks forever,
Dear banner of the brave.

To thee our holy pledges
We solemnly renew
Until our hearts are silent,
To thee will we be true.
The centuries shall claim thee
Till time itself shall end,
And all the world proclaim thee
Protector, saviour, friend.

Sylvester S. Marvin, Sergeant of Company K, of Philadelphia, on behalf of the 28th New York, then presented the monument to the National Government in these terms:

ADDRESS OF SYLVESTER S. MARVIN.

In presenting this monument to our glorious country, let me say a few words of preface. I desire that it shall be distinctly understood that to Comrade Boyce and his devoted wife you are more indebted for this monument, and what transpires here to-day, than to any other living persons.

There is a trite saying that "The man who catches the fish seldom remembers the man who baits the hook." It was Comrade Boyce who started our Regimental Society, without which the monument would not have been reared.

"It is done! Complete it stands,
The work of loving human hands,
Telling to each passer-by
The names of men who dared to die,
Loving country more than life,
More than kindred, home or wife;
'Neath the flag they loved so well,
Nobly, foremost fighting fell.

Honor to them, but equal praise
To those who 'scaped the battle's blaze;
Who rear this monument to-day
To worth which cannot pass away,
Shoulder to shoulder stood they then,
And soon shall the historian's pen
Tell of their equal deeds who bared
Their bosoms, and the danger shared.

On this historic field gather the few
Who wore the gray, and those who wore the blue.



SYLVESTER S. MARVIN.

No braver souls e'er met in bloody fray;
 No truer hearts, whose hands clasp warm to-day.
 One flag, one country, grander than before,
 Their pride and heritage for evermore.
 Before the world, a nation bold and free,
 They stand the champions of liberty." E. G. S.

Therefore, here, where by valor and overwhelming suffering the Regiment won the right to place the deathless grasp of its history, we have laid foundations as stable as the native rock beneath; here where our shed blood became a part of the land, and an element in its future life, we have stored away our memorials; here at the center and almost in sight of our great battles, we have erected this monument, a symbol of the sturdy character and a fadeless record of the history of the men who composed the regiment.

And now Colonel T. E. True, U. S. A., to you representing the strong hands, generous heart and triumphant life of the nation, perpetuated by the heroism of the soldiers of the great civil war, I in behalf of our dead comrades and of those who soon must rest beneath the sod, entrust the keeping of this memorial to our beloved 28th New York.

Its acceptance was made by Colonel True, representing the War Department, who said:

RESPONSE OF COLONEL THEODORE E. TRUE, U. S. A.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Monument Committee: Pursuant to instructions from the War Department, I accept, in behalf of the United States, this monument erected to the memory of the officers and soldiers of the 28th New York Infantry who fell at the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862.

To us who were of the mighty days of 1861, it seemed as if the hour had struck which was foreshown in the awful drama witnessed by the seer of Patmos, when the angel filled the golden censer with coals from the altar and cast it upon the earth, and there were voices and thunderings and lightnings and an earthquake. Mighty was the woe which followed. The land was



COL. T. E. TRUE, U. S. A.

shaken in all its precincts—was swept with flame and soaked with blood. At last the scourging tempest rolled away—its bellying thunders were hushed, and the nation emerged from the clouds of the titanic struggle more puissant than it had entered in, and resumed its giant march along the highways of the world.

Surely it was the hand of the Lord of Hosts which upheld us, and His shield which was before us in the years of our imminent deadly peril.

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” Here rest in honor the ashes of those devoted men who forty years ago laid down their own lives that their country might live. In this peaceful camp they sleep well. No chains of sentries guard their lines, no martial sounds disturb the repose of their silent tents, but the majestic spirit of the land for whose salvation they freely gave their lives watches over their slumbers by night and by day.

We live in a world of change where nothing continueth in one stay. The mountains wear away, the valleys are filled up, the lines of the continents are altered, the very stars in the firmament change their places, the most enduring monument of stone or bronze stands as it were but for an hour. Mighty deeds were wrought in the world of old, and vast monuments have been set up in memory of those deeds and of the mighty men who wrought them, but to-day only a few of those great memorials are found in different regions of the earth, and learned men laboriously spell out the fragmentary records for the instruction of their fellows. The names of the millions who toiled and struggled and died for the achievement of the events so briefly there recorded are buried in utter oblivion. Almost infinitely small are the chances for fame, and small are the rewards of it when won; and if the hope of it were all that could prompt to sacrifice such as these our fallen comrades made, all generous deeds and all noble achievement must soon end. But there are grander memories than those which all human hands working together could erect. A noble sacrifice for a noble cause—whether made at the quiet fireside or on the field of battle—is a gem which our Divine Master will set in a crown of glory for him who makes the sacrifice. It shall endure beyond all time, it shall shine with



GENERAL N. M. CURTIS.

undiminished splendor when the sun shall have been extinguished, when

“Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like some insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”

Colonel Brown then introduced Mrs. Annie L. Stilson, wife of Arthur Stilson, Esq., of Detroit, Mich., the daughter of the regiment. Mrs. Stilson’s father, Charles P. Sprout, was adjutant of the 28th and was killed instantly in the desperate charge on August 9th, when Mrs. Stilson was only three months old. With fine appearance and rich voice she sang “Annie Laurie,” and in response to a hearty recall, sang the “Star-spangled Banner,” all standing and uniting in the chorus.

Although not expecting to be called upon, General N. M. Curtis responded to the general desire, and made an impressive and patriotic address, dwelling with happy and eloquent emphasis upon the restoration of good feeling so markedly manifested in this reunion of the Blue and the Gray, and the honors and hospitality heaped upon the Northern visitors.

“In many ways,” he said, “I claim fellowship with you, my brave Virginians. In all the glory given the 28th to-day, you are silent participants of honor. Happy indeed are the American people that on both sides they met as they did this conflict which was necessary. It had to come; the question whether Union or State was sovereign was not one for courts or legislatures. And we are glad it was fought to the end, leaving nothing to our children but to love and honor the Union which remains.”

The benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. W. T. Williams, and the very interesting exercises were closed.

Reunited

BY

ALBERT J. TAYLOR

* Again on fair Virginia's hills
 Are camped the gray and blue,
 But only honest friendship fills
 Hearts staunch and leal and true,
 Hands clasped in hands and eyes ashine,
 Where erst they fought and bled;
 Where mingling wreaths of glory twine
 Above their honored dead.

And only mem'ry bringeth back
 The sudden, swift alarms,
 The roll of drums, the night attack,
 The serried lines in arms,
 The Rebel yell and Yankee cheer
 In one grand song unite,
 "God bless our land, and long preserve
 This nation in its might."

Brothers on Cedar Mountain's side
 Their tents are pitched again,
 Where each have stemmed the battle tide
 And fought—they have, like men;
 And when the muffled drum shall sound
 "Lights out," their hands shall twine,
 God bless our heroes outward bound,
 God bless each dwindling line!

APPENDIX

28th NEW YORK COMRADES PRESENT.

RANK	NAME	RESIDENCE
Col.	E. F. Brown.....	New York City
Maj.	T. Fitz Gerald.....	Washington, D. C.
Sergt.-Maj.	E. A. Newberry.....	Weston, Mass.
Band	E. B. Whitmore.....	Rochester, N. Y.
Capt.	John Waller.....	Monticello, N. Y.
Lieut.	N. E. G. Wadhams.....	Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Lieut.	F. B. Seeley.....	Lockport, N. Y.
Co. A.	J. W. Little.....	Lockport, N. Y.
Co. A.	B. B. Brown.....	Cooperstown, N. D.
Co. C.	James Taylor.....	Vassar, Mich.
Co. C.	Geo. B. Swick.....	Ransomville, N. Y.
Co. C.	Thomas Granville.....	Lockport, N. Y.
Co. C.	Frank W. Morse.....	Garwood, N. J.
Co. D.	G. A. Baker.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Co. D.	C. W. Boyce.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
Co. D.	O. Southworth.....	New York City.
Co. D.	Ziba Roberts.....	E. Shelby, N. Y.
Co. D.	Newton H. White.....	Chesaning, Mich.
Co. E.	D. L. Reynolds.....	Rushville, N. Y.
Co. F.	E. H. Ewell.....	St. Louis, Mich.
Co. F.	C. H. Liscom.....	New York City.
Co. H.	S. H. Beach.....	Jersey City, N. J.
Co. H.	Wm. McIntyre.....	Mongamp Valley, N. Y.
Co. I.	Geo. Irish.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
Co. K.	S. S. Marvin.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Co. K.	Leman Brace.....	Eau Claire, Wis.
Co. K.	Joseph Phillips.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
Co. K.	M. Warfield.....	Hampton, Va.

OTHER COMRADES AND VISITORS PRESENT.

RANK	NAME	REGIMENT	RESIDENCE
Gen.	Horatio C. King.....	Bvt. Col. U. S. V.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gen.	N. M. Curtis.....	U. S. V.	Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Dr.	L. Wilson.....	7th Ohio	Washington, D. C.
Capt.	John Bresnahan.....	27th Indiana	Washington, D. C.
Capt.	Geo. S. Ayer.....	10th Maine	Saco, Me.
Hon.	O. B. Brown.....	Dayton, O.
Dr.	Paul Adams.....	New York
Mr.	Walter R. Marvin.....	New York
Mr.	Earle R. Marvin.....	Pittsburg, Pa.
Mr.	Luke Tower.....	Youngstown, N. Y.
Mr.	Geo. H. Leary.....	Lockport, N. Y.
Rev.	J. N. Brace.....	Medina, N. Y.
Mr.	Roy Ludlum.....	St. Louis, Mich.
Mr.	J. C. Leggett.....	Lewiston, N. Y.
Mr.	Fred Davis.....	Medina, N. Y.
Mr.	Harry B. Bowen.....	Baltimore, Md.
Mr.	Albert J. Taylor.....	Houston, Tex.

LADIES PRESENT.

NAME	RESIDENCE
Mrs. Gen. H. C. King.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. S. S. Marvin.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. O. Southworth.....	New York City
Miss Southworth.....	New York City
Miss M. M. Billing.....	Washington, D. C.
Mrs. A. L. Stilson.....	Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. C. W. Boyce.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. C. W. Holloway.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Ziba Roberts.....	E. Shelby, N. Y.
Mrs. M. Zimmerman.....	Cooperstown, N. D.
Miss Bertha Zimmerman.....	Cooperstown, N. D.
Miss Martha Mullett.....	Williamston, Mich.
Mrs. Geo. B. Swick.....	Ransomville, N. Y.
Mrs. Frank Smith.....	Ransomville, N. Y.
Mrs. S. McMichael.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. M. D. Welsher.....	Lockport, N. Y.
Mrs. E. B. Whitmore.....	Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. L. Williams.....	Rochester, N. Y.
Miss Minnie Smith.....	Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. C. Kramer.....	Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Riley Thayer.....	Basom, N. Y.

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